YOUTH

FEBRUARY 1971

ATURING CREATIVE ARTS POETRY WINNERS

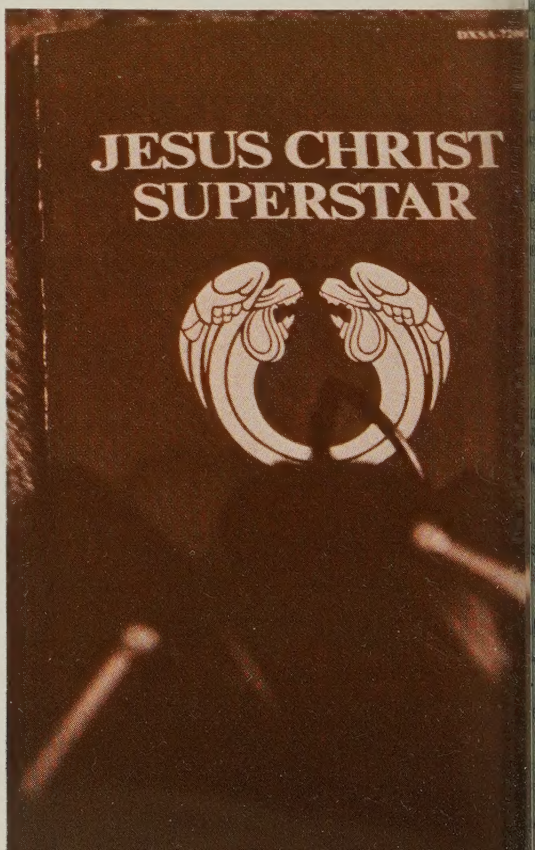


Jesus Christ, Superstar, what makes you what you are?
The girl who challenged the President
A happy haunting ground for TV cigarette ads
Poet Archibald MacLeish: the moon and you

"Hey JC... Tell us Th

Jesus Christ, Superstar has been hailed as "a landmark in the wo of contemporary music." Written by two young Englishmen—Andrew Ll Webber and Tim Rice—this rock opera depicts the last seven days of Jes life. Its heady combination of rock, ragtime, gospel, blues and clas music dramatically brings to life the Passion story, including the perso ities of those who surrounded Jesus before his death. Released last Octo (two-record set with complete text, Decca label), future plans inclu Broadway production and a Hollywood movie.

Superstar raises more questions than answers about the Christian fai But like the man Jesus, it hauntingly and urgently cries out for a respo In the following article, seven young people from First United Metho Church, Germantown, Pa., share their reactions with YOUTH magazine.



> ***Jesus had questions—they all had questions. And the composers of this rock opera can't tell us everything. Nobody can.***

Photos by Ed Eckstein

u're who they say you are"

YOUTH: What are your first reactions to this rock opera?

JOHN: It was glorious! I really felt like I was listening to the Jews, as, the priests, Pilate and Herod. They were here and now instead of 0 years ago hidden in a book that's in old English.

SAM: I thought it was really fantastic! They teach it to you in Sun- School and it really doesn't mean anything, but with language you're l to it comes closer to you. And the music was definitely effective.

CHESTER: It was great! I could close my eyes and just picture in mind what was happening. It's not the old stereotype of Jesus up in ven looking down. He's a *man*. And one of the really good things about that you have to fill in a lot for yourself and define it in your own way. nk the authors were searching just like we are.

YOUTH: One of the key questions about Jesus is in King Herod's g: "What is it that you've got that puts you where you are?" How ld you answer that?

CHESTER: Jesus was a man who had the power to bring people out. completely changed people like Mary Magdalene, who was a prosti- , into a caring, loving person. To say Jesus Christ had charisma is an erstatement. It goes just so much further than that.

YOUTH: What does he have? Can you put it into words?

JOHN: He has the ability to make people feel comfortable and secure gh in his presence so that the real inner part which has been buried down for so long has the courage to come out.

CHESTER: You know, Jesus could have been a really conceited guy. act, I get that image sometimes when I read the Bible. But he wasn't that. He really cared about people. He got frustrated with them, he never lost his sensitivity.

YOUTH: What didn't you like about the image of Jesus?

ANITA: When he was talking to the Apostles at the Last Supper I he was cold towards them. He was kind of jumping on them. And I t feel that's the way it happened.

SCOTTEE: How would you like to talk to people who sit around com- ning about all their "trials and tribulations," and all their hopes about oming famous for writing the Gospels?

ANITA: They were supposed to be his friends. And how would you if your friends betrayed you? I would just be so hurt.

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Tell me Christ how you feel tonigh
Do you plan to put up a figh
Do you feel that you've had the break
What would you say are your big mistake

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This issue, designed by Peggy Powell.

CHESTER: I think at times Chr might have wanted his Apostles to something more than human bein Maybe at times he considered the superstars. And when they were superstars he was sort of disappointe

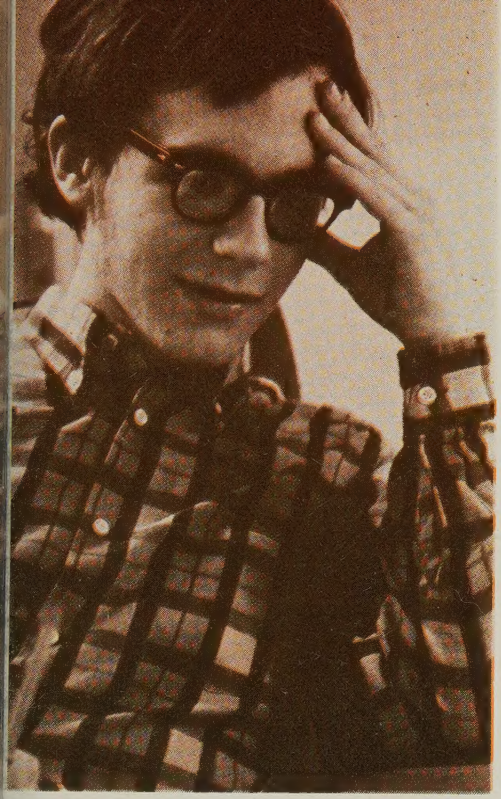
JOHN: I think he didn't rea like the whole publicity bit he w into, because the crowd always had kind of stupid response to him. Wh he was arrested and they were aski him all those questions, it sounded li a press conference with stupid r porters!

YOUTH: What new ideas did th rock opera give you?

JOHN: That was a weird way looking at communion. When he sa "For all you care this wine could my blood, and for all you care th bread could be my body" he's almo saying that they really wouldn't ca if he was dead. And I've nev thought about communion that way

CHESTER: This is one of t times when his humanness rea shows. It's like he was thinkin "These guys have been working w me for a couple of years and I lo them and I've always thought that th loved me but I'm not sure anymor This "for all you care" line might ha been a way to get them to say "b we *do* love you."

JOHN: Maybe they thought th



"There's something that kind of bothers me. Was Jesus really meant to be killed and resurrected? Or was the resurrection kind of an emergency procedure—it wasn't the way things were—er—planned?"

Jonathan Harvey, 15,
Lower Merion High School

loved him and of course they followed him. But maybe they didn't really understand him so they couldn't fully love him.

SAM: When he says "if you remember me when you eat and you drink" it sounds like he's saying: "Wow! Wouldn't that be really nice" and then he stops and thinks "I must be mad thinking I'll be remembered." And though he's not sure, he still has the hope that when they take the bread and the wine they'll say, "Hey, Jesus Christ was around."

YOUTH: Do you think that before this opera started Jesus had already done his thing, made his impact on the people around him?

CHESTER: He had started it but I don't think he had finished it.

JOHN: He had this last thing to do, and that was the crucifixion.

YOUTH: Why do we kill all our saints?

On Sunday afternoons they have these Hercules movi on, and Hercules keeps on doing things like: 'Zeus, s that fire down below the cliff. Turn it into water by t time I hit it.' And he has to turn it into water or else he going to die. I never saw Jesus do that once. Not e when he was tempted by the devi

Allan Maddox, 15, Overbrook High Sch

CHESTER: We destroy things we fear.

SAM: We fear power. We fear Martin Luther King being able t tell 500,000 people "I have a dream."

JOHN: Those of us who feel small, and a lot of people do feel smal we fear someone like Jesus who really has the voice of truth. I think a l of people feel ashamed when coming across a person like Jesus. So the try to get rid of the person who makes them feel that way.

SCOTTEE: Jesus was going against the teachings of the authorities that time. And I think that's the reason he was killed.

Prove to me that you're divine—change my water into



I heard the single they re leased last summer of the titl song, but I didn't know wha the words were or anything When I heard it all the wa through I nearly went wild And the more I heard it th crazier I got about i

Lorrie "Scottee" Maddox, 17, Philadelphia High School for Girl



s all you need do and I'll know it's true, C'mon King of the Jews

CHESTER: I can remember a teacher who asked us, "What would the ople in your church do if on Sunday morning Jesus walked in?" And we said, "Wow, that would be really great. We'd all go on our knees and 'd take him up to the altar and he'd preach." But the point was that he uld go through the same thing again and he'd end up dead. We're ll afraid of change. We're still afraid of people who have a certain kind power. The Second Coming may not be as great as we might hope for. e may not all have peace and joy and happiness.

SAM: We always try to belittle and destroy our leaders. And Jesus s in the supreme position of leadership so everybody naturally wanted get there. But Jesus Christ . . . how did he get to where he got?

CHESTER: Jesus wasn't sure. He went all through his life saying hat the heck am I doing here?"

ANITA: Well not necessarily through his whole life. When he was aling he knew what he was doing. His whole life had been some kind miracle. But at the crucifixion he wondered "Why should I die?"

CHESTER: I don't think so. I think his whole life he was questioning. en when he was healing people I think he was saying "Hey, why do *I* ve this power?"

But what is truth? Is truth unchanging law
We both have truths—are mine the same as yours

JOHN: That happens to me too! Whenever I get the sense of havin accomplished something really important (of course the things I accomplis are fairly minor!), I always wonder why was I able to accomplish so thing when I know other people weren't able to accomplish that partic thing. I think everyone gets that feeling sometimes.

SCOTTEE: I think another reason Jesus became a superstar was b cause he said some pretty heavy things, like in the parables.

CHESTER: A lot of times I'm really not sure what the point is in so of the parables. They're good stories, but they don't come together for m

ANITA: It all depends . . . if I read a story or sang a song to you, might appeal to you because of something that had happened to you. B another song might mean nothing to you. Jesus told a lot of parables a something that might not have meaning for you might mean a lot to so body else.

YOUTH: Judas is one of the main characters in this rock opera. Is h symbolic of us today? Does he represent Everyman?

CHRIS: I always had the impression that Judas represented evil.

"

I am struggling with what made Jesus a Superstar. I really don't know. And I don't want to say something that's not there because I think we're all pretty quick to put our own meanings on to things. So I think I'll keep looking and struggling.

"

Chris DeHahn, 17,
Germantown High School





He's got the power, he's got the glory, he's got every man in his heart, he's got the whole world in his hands—because he just cares for everybody. Even when he gets fed up with all the merchants and the crowds, he still loves them. To me that's just amazing.

Chester Brown, 17

YOUTH: That is the traditional theory about Judas. But the other ry is that Judas was a man who really was hoping that Jesus was the siah who was going to save the world.

CHESTER: I feel sorry for Judas. It's almost like he got trapped into aying Jesus and had to find some kind of escape. So he says, "Well, it n't my fault—God made me do it so I'm off the hook."

YOUTH: Why do you think Rice and Webber wrote this rock opera?

SAM: I feel like something had to move them to want to write it, just something moved the Apostles to write the Gospels. I don't think peo- would go into writing a rock opera about Jesus Christ just for the money omething like that.

JOHN: I think they could have done it because they thought it was ething worth hearing for the world.

YOUTH: Do you think God has a role in this opera?

CHESTER: Yes, a big role. If he could talk he'd be the Question werer, because all the questions go to him, even those from Christ.

SAM: I think he is the Master Critic, sort of like a director who gives

you orders to go this way and that way and don't ask him why. Just do it.

SCOTTEE: It's funny. I don't believe in predestination at all but don't see how these guys could have acted in any other way. Somehow this was the thing for them to do.

ANITA: The story couldn't have ended any other way. I can't imagine Jesus growing old and dying.

JOHN: I think there is a kind of predestination in which certain causes are bound to have certain effects. And that's what happened here.

YOUTH: How do you think most people would react to *Jesus Christ Superstar* if it were played in church on Sunday?

SAM: They'd walk out. It's idyllic to even imagine because some churches won't put up with a record player, much less a rock opera.

SCOTTEE: They'd say "that's not music, it's noise." But when we do our youth services we use this kind of music because it's part of us.

SAM: I get tired of sitting through services I don't understand because they're using all those long biblical words—talking about "thee" and "thy" and you don't even know your thee from your thigh! And so we make our services personal. We write the Call to Worship and the prayers, expressing our faith in ways we can understand. Religion is put in such a place that when you are nine years old you can't possibly believe that some



"When I get really supp down about somethin really depressed, I deci nobody in the world can anything about this b God. And sometimes som thing happens right aft that. And I say 'hey, tha so great!' And I think G might be doing it. And feel that no matter how secure Jesus got, he still h this faith that God kn what he was doing. I ca have that faith constant but he d"

Marion "Sam" Dingus, 16, Philadelphia High School for Girls

n he talked in parables
uld say so many things
ie story. And he kind
ade people stop look-
t the next person and
izing him, and made
look at themselves
criticize themselves.
somebody who can do
is really special to so
people. For me,
what made him a
superstar.

Foeman, 15,
lelphia High School
irls



s came along and nailed this guy to a cross and he died and three days
r they came back and moved the rock and there was nobody there
mebody stole the body!). You keep thinking "they've got to be lying."

SCOTTEE: And it's so hard when you get to be 16 or 17 to believe
n fairytale. So you've got to find something that you can put your finger
and say "man, this is it for me." And this is what *Jesus Christ, Superstar*
ped me to do.

YOUTH: Is it possible that this rock opera might be as meaningful as
ndel's *Messiah* in years to come?

ANITA: When we get older who's to say that we won't hold on to this
ause this is what we can touch and this is what we're close to. So we
't blame the older people for trying to hold on to what has meaning for
m. But I wouldn't want to have every Sunday the same with every-
ly banging out rock music or something. I like the old hymns. I think
dernizing everything takes away from it.

SAM: We should have Sundays when the youth do their thing and
ndays when the old folks do their thing and Sundays when the ministers
their thing and Sundays when everybody does the same thing!

Hey JC, JC you're alright by me
Sanno Ho Sanna Hey Superstar!

"THERE IS A BETTER LIFE TO BE HAD"

An interview with Archibald MacLeish — poet, prophet, professor and statesman

BY HANS KNIGH

I had met Archibald MacLeish only once before, and it was nearly a decade ago, when he was 70 years old.

He had worn casual slacks and a rough tweed jacket that accentuated his compact, rugged frame. His face was weather-beaten and its reddish glow emphasized the clear sharp gray of his deep-set eyes.

He seemed a warm and vital man at the vigorous zenith of life and because this picture of him remained in my mind over the years, I looked forward to our second meeting with some uneasiness. I knew that he was nearing his eightieth year after a fantastically active life. He had won two Pulitzer prizes for poetry, and one for his play, *J.B.* What spread his fame beyond the confines of the small group of connoisseurs who habitually read poetry was his short poem on man's first landing on the moon:

Presence among us,
wanderer in our skies,
O silver evasion in
our farthest thought—
"the visiting moon" . . .
"the glimpses of the moon" . .
and we have touched you. . . .
We stand here in the dusk,
the cold, the silence . . .
and here, as at the first of time,
we lift our heads.
Over us,
more beautiful than the moon, .
moon, a wonder to us,
unattainable,
a longing
past the reach of longing,
a light beyond our light,
our lives—perhaps
a meaning to us . . .
O, a meaning
over us on these silent beaches
the bright earth,
presence among us.

With the stereotyped image o an octogenarian in my mind, I a most missed MacLeish as he steppe off the plane. I had hoped that th years had been kind to him, but need not have worried.

he age of 79, Archibald MacLeish has led an almost punishingly
tive life. He served in the trenches of the first World War.
captained the water polo team of Yale University and
ost drowned in the process. He was Librarian of Congress
er the Roosevelt Administration, a delegate to the U.N. and
architect of UNESCO. He served as Under Secretary of State
ne nervous 50's when the late Senator Joe McCarthy
inated the headlines and the atmosphere was stifling to
al thought. In that life, MacLeish has also written poems
plays that have earned him three Pulitzer Prizes. In 1969,
n the quiet of his farm in Conway, Mass., he penned a short
e to commemorate man's landing on the moon.



"To change society involves politics. But the changes inside the human creature must come first."

MacLeish had changed little. His handshake was firm and his soft, clear voice sounded even more vigorous than I had remembered.

As we rode from the airport in the chauffeur-driven car I asked him the kind of questions that have become almost obligatory for the reporter interviewing famous men. How does he see the younger generation? The drug scene, the youth rebellion, the ailing society? What are some of the answers?

"There is always a sickness of sorts in any society," he said. "Whatever the cause, the kids want something else, they want something better. If there is a sickness, it is a complacency, a satisfaction with purely material things which never would have satisfied Americans before. . . "

"Specifically, what is the core of the drug problem?" I wanted to know.

"It gets started, I think, with an increasing interest in the human personality," he replied. "Young people feel that the social structure around them is materialistic and not very much interested in the inward lives of human creatures.

"They began a lot of exploring of the nature of the human mind in the early 50's when I taught at Harvard. Even back then, the students spent a lot of time studying the effect of drugs, how they could release you into the infinite world of being, pushing the imagination beyond the previous limits of imagination, increasing the awareness. I was astonished at the number of students who got excited by this."

How does MacLeish see violence as a means of bringing about change?

"The first question we have to ask ourselves," he said, "is who advocates force? And how numerous are they? I can't see how there could be two opinions about the use of violence.

"Our forefathers in Jefferson's time and on down to the Civil War were very clear about the fundamental right of revolution and I suppose that right involves the use of force. But violence today is not really used for revolution, but just to make life so miserable for everybody that you hope something will happen. It is a form of cheating and I don't see how you can justify it."

"But," I asked, "aren't there many young people who turn off because they haven't any hope left to change the system by peaceful means?"

"I started teaching at Harvard at 58, which is pretty old," MacLeish said. "I thought then that I'd never seen anything like that generation of youngsters—not only in terms of intelligence but of their openness, their eagerness. But I have seen something of this generation—and I still have the feel

that it is better than anything ve seen in a long, long time. re is an idealism and a hopeful- s that is totally admirable. At same time, there is a great mea- e of frustration and I suppose it en takes the form of despair at impossibility of shifting any- g as huge as this country.

What you have to hope is that ans can be found to help the ngsters to move the world in direction they want it to go, out coming up against the wall impossibility."

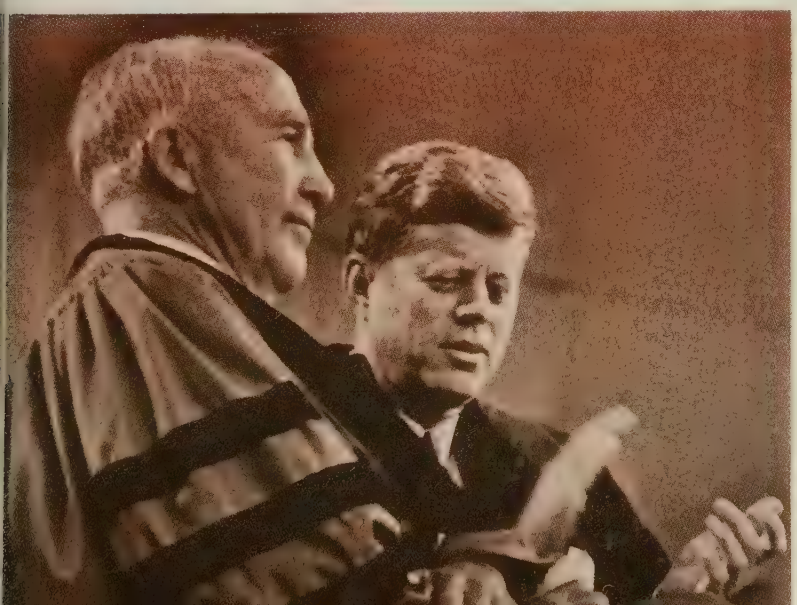
What should young people do?" sked, "work politically for the ls they want?"

Well, one hopeful thing a few rs ago was that they did seem be interested in politics, and there still is hope for action in that direction. But you really can't advise this generation to go into politics, because at any time the number of young men and women who move into politics is small.

"I think the real opportunity for young people is in their relations with each other. This is a generation which communicates inside itself more than any other I have seen. They get together, they talk all night. They don't necessarily agree but they seem to respect each other's opinions. And out of all this talk comes a sense of the meeting which can be helpful.

"I think the real answer for them is not what kind of a job you're going to find, but how convinced you are going to be inside yourself that you will see your way of moving. Suppose we got rid of this terrible war, what would you do then, and how could you shove and

1963 Archibald MacLeish gave an ad- ss at a special Convocation to honor n F. Kennedy.



push for the things you want? Of course, to change society does in the end involve political action. But the changes inside the human creature must come first."

Such changes are vital, he said. He had watched the history of man at first hand since the turn of the century and now he was troubled.

"If you talk about the Sharon Tate murders or the recent murder of that Japanese doctor and his family—well, what is horrifying about all this is that human beings were capable of that sort of thing. And it just raises the question whether something has happened to the human psyche or soul. Something terrible. Has there been a basic change in human creatures, and if so, when did it happen?

"What frightens you is the sense that the floor you stand on, your human bottom as a human being, is no longer secure. One used to take for granted that there were limits beyond which men would not go. This is the frightening thing."

Does he feel hopeful at all about the future?

He smiled. "Hopeful isn't quite the right word. To feel hope you have to feel that you can see a little ahead, and I just don't think I can.

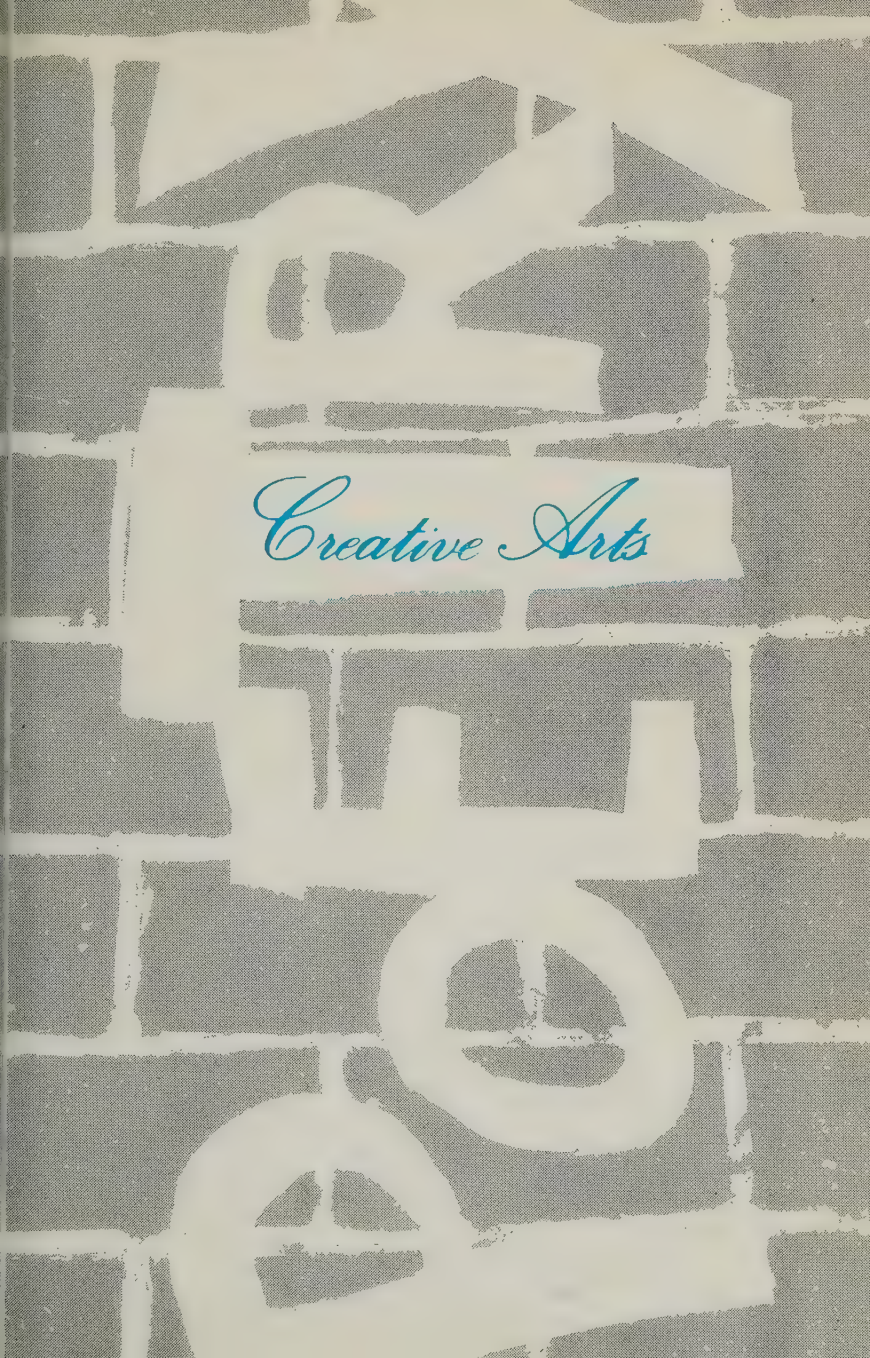
"What we desperately need is leadership, and this is not a political remark. We haven't had any good leadership in a long time, not the kind of leadership which goes out in front and starts the band and marches. I mean the sort that creates spiritual values and holds them up where they can be seen, makes them clear, commits itself to them totally and wholly.

"It's hard to know what would have happened had John F. Kennedy lived. But there are voices even today which sometimes speak with eloquence and conviction. And the way people leap at this sort of thing whenever it shows itself it's clear that they are hungry for it, thirsty for it.

"One thing for which I am grateful," he continued, "is the American nature, the tone, the quality of the average American. You go around the country and you see a basic human decency that you can't laugh off by political tricks like calling it the silent majority, or by patronizing it. It's much better than that. And it remains. The elements of that good life are there. They can be brought together."

The car halted at his destination and we said good-bye. That evening Archibald MacLeish read some of his poetry in a packed high school auditorium. He spoke of the threats to the human soul and he pleaded for change. At 79, he sounded very much like a man of the present, and of the future.

"We need the kind of leadership that creates spiritual values and holds them up where they can be seen."


Creative Arts

HOW DO YOU WRITE POETRY?

When we put this question to the prize-winning poets in YOUTH's Cr... tive Arts Contest, we got as many different answers as there were winn... Some say they struggle with style far into the night; others find that wh... they're inspired their poems "just write themselves." Some write w... moved by joy, others feel creative when they're depressed or outrag...

Writers throughout history have also differed on the definition of ... etry, and the creative process that goes into making a poem. For gloo... old Jonathan Swift, poetry was all work:

"Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse, invok'd, sit down to write:
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline."

But for Shelley, poetry was something that could dispel gloom:

"A poet is a nightingale who sits in darkne...
and sings to cheer its own solitude."

Wordsworth believed in inspiration, but the quiet kind:

"Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of po...
erful feelings: it takes its origin from emotic...
recollected in tranquillity."

Ralph Waldo Emerson made some rather rough demands on poetry (whic... may be why he took to writing essays):

"Poetry must be as new as foam, and as o...
as the rock."

Robert Frost describes how he feels a poem is created:

"A poem . . . begins as a lump in the throa...
a sense of wrong, a homesickness, a lovesic...
ness, . . . It finds the thought and the thoug...
finds the words."

Archibald MacLeish, apparently weary of definitions, tells us:

"A poem should not mean, but be."

The following poems were selected from over 400 entries. And no matt... how they were written, each poem crystallizes a thought or emotion whic... might otherwise have been lost if its author had not written it down.

i love e's

by GALE GRAHAM

i love e's.
they're round—
but have a beginning
and an end.
you can't tell which is which.
they have a loophole too . . .
they're sort of like life.



E GRAHAM, 18, Chattonooga, Tenn. Po-
is the one means of expression in which
are no laws or restraints. Poetry . . .
epitome of FREEDOM.

adolescence

by CATHY METZGER

Adolescence . . .
speaks to me
of pimples
greasy hair
newly acquired sex
young bodies
laden with ovaries
full of blood
cramps and aching
boys messing their beds
heavy pendulums
and bragging
mentally insecure
wanting to speak
to be accepted
and know oneself
envious of those who do
those who can speak
sick
and hating it
knowing your childishness
stupidity
afraid to change it
scornful of the world
yourself
your friends
desperately needing them
promising
rationalizing
trying to believe
in maturity



CATHY METZGER, 14, Claypool, Ind. I write poetry when I get frustrated and need to express my feelings. Because I only write when I am in this kind of mood, the first copy usually satisfies me. Not much time is spent in correction or altering. Such was the case for "Adolescence" which I wrote when I was trying to reach out of myself to others.

Remember Me?

by SUSAN JOHNSON

Remember me?
I don't think you do.
But I do.
I wanted to greet you
Whenever you and I passed.
I tried, once.
But when I saw your tranquility
In contradiction
to my turbulent soul,
I feared you somehow,
and hung my head.
Once, I even said hi to you
In my quiet, scared voice.
You said hi back to me.
But you didn't mean it.
I know you did it as a reflex
Like you were setting a good example
For someone else.
So I don't talk to you anymore.
I don't think you even
realize the difference.
But I do.



SUSAN JOHNSON, [illegible] North [illegible] Mass. I wrote "Remember me?" when I was in a terrible mood last February. I had convinced myself that I was an unknown unindividual, and unloved particle of nothing. My feelings were reinforced when I tried to show a person that I admire that I liked and cared about her, and she didn't notice.

Photo by Robin Engh

TRANSMISSION

by JANEAN GILBERT

My life
Sometimes seems bumper to bumper
And I am caught in the traffic--
Blocked and ignored by the future,
Pushed, shoved and honked at by the past.
Penned in and stared at by all
That is around me.
It begins to get hot and ugly
In my black interior, hard-top shell.

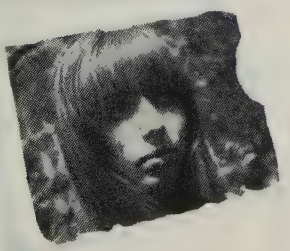
I want to get out of this jam,
But so many things obstruct my view.
God, I'm counting on your power steering
To see me through.

JANEAN GILBERT, 15, Kokomo, Ind. For me, creative expression results from a combination of thoughts and different moods. Through writing and other art forms, I am able to symbolize a variety of emotions from anxiety to joy. This is an honest, real way I can understand myself and communicate to other people.

THE SECOND COMING

by SARI BIRNER

I read in the "Enquirer" about Christ's second coming.
The Blessed Virgin Xerox will immaculately conceive him
in the belly of some machine
And they'll all sing "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem Steel."
They'll put him in a lovely shiny semblance of a manger,
And if he's white and rich, the clean-cut idol worshippers
will sing the praises of their god,
Until the government arrests them all for putting strange
gods before it.
Then they'll explain why he's not moral (in 25 words or less)
And take the young saint into the temple of Justice
to teach him LAW AND ORDER.
And when he's thoroughly schooled they'll brief him in the
73rd precinct station,
And set up his effigies in all the draft boards,
With psychedelic signs underneath that say "Suffer little
children to come unto me."
And somewhere demented groups of non-believers will be heard
shouting above the chaotic caroling:
What can we sing to a carved rock?
What can we say to a Shiny-Brite glitter covered plastic god?
It seemed like a very bad story for the paper,
But the "Enquirer" was never too squeamish about smut.



SARI BIRNER, 18, Emerson, N.J. God is an abstract idea which is often changed to fit modern religious needs. The "chaotic carolers" are crushed by the second crucifixion of their plastic God of commercialism. This is the God that has slowly replaced the ideals of charity, nonviolence, goodwill, and consideration that are the basis of true religion.

Yesterday, Today was Tomorrow



by LYNNE THOMAS

hurtling through space.
fantastic speeds.
colors bending like elastic.
purple.
green.
pink.
yellow.
orange.
blue.
and shades in between.
bright light.
dark gloom.
bells in the background.
slowing down.
no more speed.
smells.
sausage.
noises.
footsteps.
"Hey, you. Get up."
One-third of the day is gone.
Before I've even begun.



LYNNE THOMAS, 13, Bismarck, N.D. I know that in my life I can be content knowing that through my writing I am able to communicate with the minds of other people

ONE DAY

by GREG BOWERS

One day a store mannequin waved
at me. I swear it did.
And, being it was a nice day,
I returned the wave.
And the people on the street giggled
and laughed.
Not because I waved at a mannequin,
but, just because,
I waved.

Photo by Ken Thompson

PREFERENCE

by GREG BOWERS

Once, in the midst of thinking of love,
my thoughts they turned to hate.
But, I quickly switched them back again.
I figured hate,
could wait.

GREG BOWERS, 18, York, Pa. Poetry is often assumed to be a deep, uncrackable, and intellectual art form. Because of this fact, the average person steers away from the poetry medium . . . and that's sad.

wondering

by PAUL MASON

Unshorn locks kissed by the breeze,
Flowing robe down past His knees,
Preaching love beneath the trees,
And brotherhood.

No shelter finds He from the rain,
Speaks of peace, but all in vain.
Bearded face masks His pain
And sorrow.

Holes in hands placed in a grave,
Stone rolled up to seal the cave;
Mockery at the promise He gave
Of returning.

If He walked again today,
Would He find a place to stay?
Or would you shake your fist and say,
Damn hippie!



PAUL MASON; 19, Grand Rapids, Mich. I wrote this poem after watching a t.v. newscast showing a hippie being beaten by the police. He looked exactly like the pictures of Christ. I wondered then what would be the reaction of people if Christ walked up to them on the street today.

i stand in sweaty loafers

by WENDY CHICK

STAND IN SWEATY LOAFERS
'y feet hurt,
e string on my neck is
eavy in its foreignness.
e sign looms
amelessly
front of me a blank
old
'all.

am.
ey are.

ey pass, stare blindly
midly accept
leaflet
'alk
n.

ey pass, stiff
ever looking
etending we are
ot.

ey pass, smile
sk
question.

augh.

ave become
person
nce
ore. . . .



NDY CHICK, 17, Huntington, Mass. I wrote this em after picketing a supermarket (with only about other people) for the grape boycott. It was first time I had ever done anything like that, some of the reactions I got made me feel less n a human. All of a sudden there I was on the ther side."



The Bus Station at 12:30PM

by DAVID SCHOEN

She was
blonde, short and white
and
she stood
next to me
(black trench coat,
fur lining, quite warm)
in line
waiting
with her green duffle bag
for the Chicago bus.

She was nice
and
I was glad
she was there
cause she was someone
to talk to.

She
liked dogs
and I had just
told her
of my pet dog
Coco
and she had just
finished saying that
she had grown up
with cats and dogs



when
a man burst in, grabbed her, and shouted,
'Yougoddamnsonofabitch,
wherethehell you goin' this time!"
as he drug
her out of
the bus station.

So there I stood
alone
(in my black trench coat)
staring at the closing door
of the bus terminal,
wondering
why
she was going to Chicago,
and
definitely feeling
a bit
less
warm.

ARLO SCHOEN, 18, Highland, Ill. "The Bus Station at 12:30 P.M." records an incident that actually happened to me while waiting for a bus. The incident is recorded unchanged in the poem. I feel that the content of poetry should stem from happenings in life. I recorded this happening for I felt it contained the heavy feelings often involved when people meet people.

some day

by CATHERINE BOYLE



We ran
currycombing the meadow of the morning
looking
for the boys,
grown now—gone from
playing soldiers in the willow trees
the willows still weep for them
the grown-up boys still hiding
in some grove

only
the May grasses were soundless
morning-glory in every hour
the whole forest contentment on stilts

there were butterflies swimming with naked hearts
in the sunshine
and wind
spread-eagled over joy

a child
looped to the sky by his kite
left a whistle in the air
offered a rainbow to the weeping willows

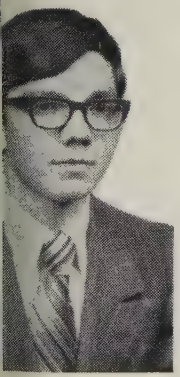
Some satin daybreak
will bring back
the boys
to the rainbows
of this glade

CATHERINE BOYLE, 17, Wellesley, Mass. poem should turn over with every reac should crystallize the same vision for reader as for the poet. Mine is a stru always to "make it new," and, as with poetry, the impact of my poems varies dir with the intensity with which they were ceived and the measure of freshness achieve.

for nan

CHRIS HERSHEY

touched a moment passing; smiled,
but it was just a token:
re must be much unspoken love,
or there's so little spoken.



IS HERSHEY, 17, Millersville, Pa. Very
ly "for nan" is as terse as it is because
last two lines were running through my
; the first two were originally meant to
or build-up and substance. The idea was
I wished to express, wistfully, that love,
ll the trite phrases, is one essential quality
ving which hasn't attained the luxury of
ibundance. In the process, I may have
ed that verbal love is the least common
love takes; that there exist many other
of expressing that sentiment; that our
cities for loving are, for the most part,
inplumbed, unexplored abyss; that love
be forced to recognize itself as playing a
different from a time when the word was
misconstrued to mean things foreign to
riginal nature.



FOUR WALLS MINUS ONE

by NANCY J. SHIVELY

Just how long is one whole year?
Rain and winds and laughing sun
All bring questions to my ear,
Asking if at last you've won.

With this hurt I pray you've found
All that you were searching for.
Love in bloom is all around.
Spring's a song I hear no more.

If someday I find that I,
Like a sparrow can be free,
I'll forget the reason why
One boy meant so much to me.

NANCY J. SHIVELY, 19, Bethlehem, Pa. Creative writing is a way of releasing anger or expressing love. It can help combat loneliness, or celebrate joy. As I expand my knowledge of the world around me I find that I have more and more to write about, and more ideas to share with other people.

call in the wild

by BONNIE FACKRE

GOD
why am i so confused and confounded
by the beauty of your existence?
i get only a glimpse of your life
before i shrink back in fear
i wonder and participate haltingly

FATHER
many are the times i've retreated to find you
sometimes i've looked for you in centers of struggle
have i found you?
i guess not or i would know it

LORD
i see your stars dance
and your grass wave free
i see your light come shining
yet somehow it is lost in me to wonder
as i worry of my own concerns

JESUS
i want to live and love and laff and cry
and moan and howl and dance and sing
from the bottom of my existence
i want to be one with everyone
so i can be one with you

CHRIST
the people i meet are so fantastic
and i hurt them
and they hurt me
why, why

LORD
i keep wishing for your kingdom to come
to solve our problems here
help us instead to seek your kingdom
in hope



JESUS
thank you for my long hair and dirty toes
for the sun which shines down so bright on my soul
healing its broken bounce and torn threads
and WOW thanks for these bugs
which fly around so merrily and bite me
let me give my life's blood to all

i am halting in my giving
teach me to walk and run swiftly and smoothly
to sing and dance
in the relationships i live in

oh LORD
ALLELUIA?
AMEN ! ! !

BONNIE FACKRE, 18, Newton, Mass. i wrote this prayer-poem while i was laying on top of a hill in Yellowstone Park. (it was the same hill where before i had seen a grazing deer who didn't run away when he saw me.) i was feeling pretty low when i began to write, but the air, the weeds, the bugs, and most of all the huge mountains and soaring sky surrounding me got into my system and made me want to sing for joy!



and just to pass away the time

by MARTHA DUERSTEN

And just to pass away the time
let me sing you a song
a song of pear trees
and me.

And just to pass away the time
let me say "I love you"
a love of rosy-red-apple-cheeks
and me.
And these are the things
I give to you
and these are the things
called me.

And just to pass away the time
let me kiss your lips
lips of summer rain
and me.
And just to pass away the time
let me say I love you
a love of daffodils, sun
and me.

And these are the things I give you,
And these are the things called me.



MARTHA DUERSTEN 15, Madison, Wis. Words are only splashes of ideas, feelings wetting the paper mind of the world. You try to touch through closed eyes, striving to print your voice upon the ears of those who push you away and refuse to open their hands to receive your kiss. Words are only seeds growing into trees—try to touch the sky.



On Thinking About the Train Whistl and the Brass Quintet

by KATHY K. GROW

I want to be on that train,
Going somewhere far away,
To a place of tall grass
And rolling hills
And a winding stream
And lots of trees—
The kind of place you always read about
And rarely really see.
And there ought to be just a little smoke
Hanging right above the trees.
And the sky should be *that* blue—
That real, real blue.
And the air should be just "crisp" enough
For a skinny jacket.
And I want to be walking along,
And along,
And along
With someone I love—
I'd like it to be you—
Just barely touching arms as we talked
And talked so comfortably.
And I'd always say the right things,
And I wouldn't let my pesky mind
Go reaching back for "is this real."
And I'd forget to wonder "how long can such happiness last."
It just *would* last.
And I'd keep on walking
And walking
And walking
Just like that
For a very long time.
Until I didn't want to
Anymore.

That's what I want to do.

KATHY K. GROW, 18, Yankton, S.D. I feel this poem is one of the best I have ever written because it expresses so simply and effectively for me the "get-away-from-it-all" feeling that helps calm things down once in awhile. And I wrote it for someone I love.

SEARCH FOR IDENTITY

by ELAINE MacDONALD

I RUN AROUND IN CIRCLES,
TRYING TO CATCH MYSELF,
BUT I'M ALWAYS JUST
AROUND THE BEND.

ELAINE MacDONALD, 18, Camden, Me. "Originally I wrote this poem
the result of a confused mood. I was asking myself the question, "Wh
is the real me like?" I kept switching masks. First I played the p
of an actress, then hero, brain, and artist, etc. The second reason
writing the poem was to express the idea that I continually change
therefore can never catch myself because the moment I'm ready to g
the real me I become a different me. What was first a despairing sea
turned into expectation and enjoyment because I realized there were (
are) many me's yet to be discovered. Incidently, although I continue
change I have general characteristics common to many people which
main stable such as concern for fellow man, curiosity, faith in God.

JUDITH KAPLAN, 18, Cleveland Heights, O. Writing is therapy for
Whenever I feel depressed and sad I create amusing poetry or pro
I think I am fortunate to be able to put strong emotions such as love
hate to a constructive outlet like writing. You should try it—it's fun!

This Man In White

by JUDITH KAPLAN

ere is one man in white who is very special to me.
e carries no stethoscope and gives no injections.
e does tote compassion and bestows understanding.
s warmth, acceptance, and objectivity build a unique relationship between us.
rhaps I need to love this man in white.

mack," shrieks the door as it is firmly, though not angrily, shut.
reak," clamors the chairs as the two of us are seated.
ick," taunts the clock while the plants sway coquettishly and the session begins.
on my entire soul will feel like a tiny atom being split by a huge cyclotron.
ll I come back the next week, perhaps I need to love this man in white.

ell me about it, I have kleenex," he says.
ince you look at the floor so much, maybe you would like a picture down there," he asks.
ease help me to help you," he begs.
e arrival of the avalanche of anger, anxiety, and tears has come at me, not him.
haps I need to love this man in white.

ring the fifty minutes we are together, I want to be alone: later I want him near.
is an adult; I am a child.
is strong and responsible; I am weak and dependent.
does not need my acceptance; I must have his acceptance.
haps I need to love this man in white; not romantically, but certainly adolescently.

GLENDA BENDURE, 17, Barstow, Cal. My entry "Fairy Tales" began when I first analyzed **Winnie the Pooh** by A. A. Milne, and was formed by my growing recognition of the senseless loss of childhood simplicity.

LAURALEE BEST, 17, Seattle, Wash. This particular poem was written completely without forethought. I had a vague creative itch, so I gave my pen free rein and ten minutes later I looked down at my paper and thought, what have I done?"

THE CASE OF THE FEROCIOU... FIGMENT

by LAURALEE BEST

"Mommy," the little boy said, "you were right.
I checked my closet—no monsters in sight.
Now my closet is safe and I'm not scared of it . . .
But the 'gator under my bed ate my baseball mitt."

"Silly child!" said his mother, a bit perturbed.
"Your foolish fantasies have me quite disturbed.
I'll go and settle this once and for all!"
(And the linen-closet dragon got her in the hall.)

Fairy Tales

GLENDA BENDURE

oh was
ly a bear
you know
d peter was
ly a rabbit
thought
had heroes
t they weren't
you know
d we cried
our hearts
en we learned it.

ny was
y a game
you know
l killing was
y for soldiers
thought
r would be fun
it's not
you know
l we cried
our hearts
en we learned it.

uty was
y a rose
you know
a person was
y to play with
thought
ple knew peace
they don't
you know
we cry
ur hearts
ve learn it.



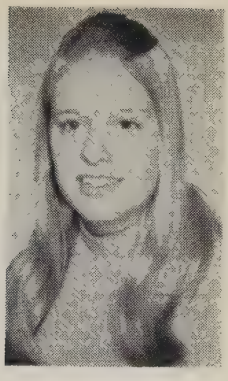
DEAD AT 19

by CINDY THOMAS

Mama,
Don't believe what they say,
Don't let them tell you
He died in glory,
Because he didn't.
He died in a ditch,
The bullets noticeable
Only by the blood they spilled.
He was covered with mud,
Not medals.
That's not glory, mama.
Don't let their words
Dry your tears.
They only say that so you'll be proud to hold
A freshly folded flag instead of your only son.
They took him from you
To do their dirty work.
Now they give to you
All that is left
Just for memory's sake.
Don't remember him the way they tell you to.
Remember him as the blue-eyed boy
Who gave you a dandelion once,
Remember him as the young man who was brave,
But brave at the wrong time.

CINDY THOMAS, 17 Keokuk, Ia. I wrote "Dead at 19" at a time when I was feeling both angry and frustrated. I guess I was just sick of hearing the same slogans concerning the war, the same old rhetoric while every week more young guys were shipped home in boxes. It simply seemed insane. Faced with that feeling, I didn't know whether to throw my arms up and collapse in a cloud of cynicism, or continue caring and do something to help end the mess. Cynicism never did become me, so I decided to do what I could, which included writing the poem. I am not so naive as to believe that my poem will change anybody's mind or cause someone to don a peace medal. But I'm still young enough to hope that someone might at least listen to what I'm trying to say.





Sonnet 1: Song of Innocence

by BETH ANN ROHRER

The butterfly sought by the laughing child
Lies crushed and lifeless in his guileless hand.
This dancing breath of Beauty once was wild;
The child, in deathwatch, cannot understand.
And like that innocent I contemplate
The evanescent Beauty's mystery;
For she who does her best to captivate
Our souls, herself, dies in captivity.
I, too, lament; I sense the pulpy mass
Of that wind dancer crushed in my own hand.
I, too, have reached for Beauty with a grasp
That fragile feather wings could not withstand.
Now in the artless upheld hand I see
That Beauty—held, restrained—can never be.

BETH ANN ROHRER, 16, Glenview, Ill. Writing is not easy for me—I won't allow it to be. Every paper or poem I write is a struggle to find the right style, the right tone, the right form. However, nothing is more rewarding to me than the finished product. I guess the end justifies the agonizing means. This sonnet was written as a final assignment for a teacher who was particularly inspiring.



In Praise of the Sanitations Department

by JEAN DEKEN

Rejected by his fellow man,
Completely unacceptable,
He slinks about in morning's gloom
And empties your receptacle.

What you eject with haughty fingers
And look upon with scorning,
He tosses into his vehicle
And rides with, every morning.

You laugh at him behind his back
Or else you just ignore him,
You say he really loves his work;
Another job would bore him.

Just remember in the morning,
When you spy this grimy elf,
If it weren't for the garbage man
You'd be hauling it yourself.



JEAN DEKEN, 17, St. Louis, Mo. I started writing poetry in fourth grade and since then have filled notebooks with poems and stories. I haven't enough perseverance to write a good story but poetry is tremendous because in it I find an outlet for the diverse feelings that stampede through my life. "In Praise of the Sanitations Department" was a reaction of the "instant ecology experts" who loudy tout cleaning up the universe. They have praised the professor, the chemist, the industrialist, the physicist, but they have neglected the men who do the "dirty" work. I felt it was high time their cause was championed.

AGAINST MEAN OLD LADIES

by GALE GRAHAM

flowers are for picking
by little children
walking home from school.
old ladies chasing children
from their gardens
deprive life of beauty.
if i had a garden
i'd grow it full of flowers
and put a sign in front
saying—
FOR PICKING!

GALE GRAHAM, 18, Chattanooga, Tenn. When I was in second grade I often walked home from school past a huge yard with hundreds of daffodils. The smell always intoxicated me, so one day I bent down and picked one. No sooner had I snapped the stem than I felt the gnarled hands of an old lady shaking my shoulders. She cursed me and threw me out of her yard. I couldn't understand then what I had done wrong and I still don't.



VISIONS

by KAREN OVERTON

i see my youth as a
flower and i watch
it unfold from its
bud into
a blossoming flower so
full of life and
beauty

but i wonder if like
a flower
my youth's petals will
fall
one by
one
to the earth to be
trampled upon

leaving only a tall, naked
stalk lost
without its flowery crown to
shield it from the sun's
harsh rays and
the pounding rain's
brutality.





KAREN OVERTON, 17, Alexandria, Va. I consider poetry as the most beautiful expression in the entire field of writing. Unfortunately writing poetry does not come easily to me. I generally write short stories and novels. Once in a while, however, I'm inspired and "Visions" is the result of such an inspiration.

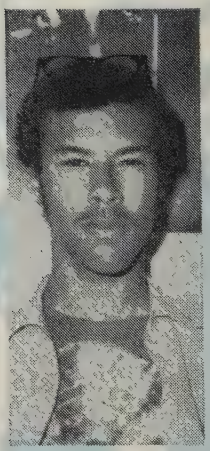
WHEN I WAS EIGHT

by RUTH BLUE

When I was eight
Or so,
No one had to ask me
Why
I loved to play in the cool spring mud.
No one stopped me as I ran laughing
Barefoot
Trying to catch fireflies.
No one was surprised if my hair wasn't combed--
It never was.
If I liked a person, I could tell him
Or if I didn't like him, I could tell him that, too.
Truth was honored,
Lies were wrong.
If my feelings were hurt, I could cry
Or slam the door
Or run away from home.
I could pretend that I was a jellyfish,
Or anything at all,
But I never had to
Pretend
That I was
Me.

RUTH BLUE, 16 New Brighton, Minn. Expressing one's self is a must—otherwise you just shrivel up inside and die. Each person must find that way of expressing himself which suits him best—no matter what others say. Writing is one way in which I enjoy expressing myself.

REFLECTIONS O



W. KIM HERON, 16, Detroit, Mich. Whe
writer lives in a racist society, the subjec
race becomes one which he must confr
This is true for the black writer if not for
writers who wish to deal honestly with th
selves and their audience. While in Jam
where my father was born, the concept
travel and ancestry gave rise to this poe

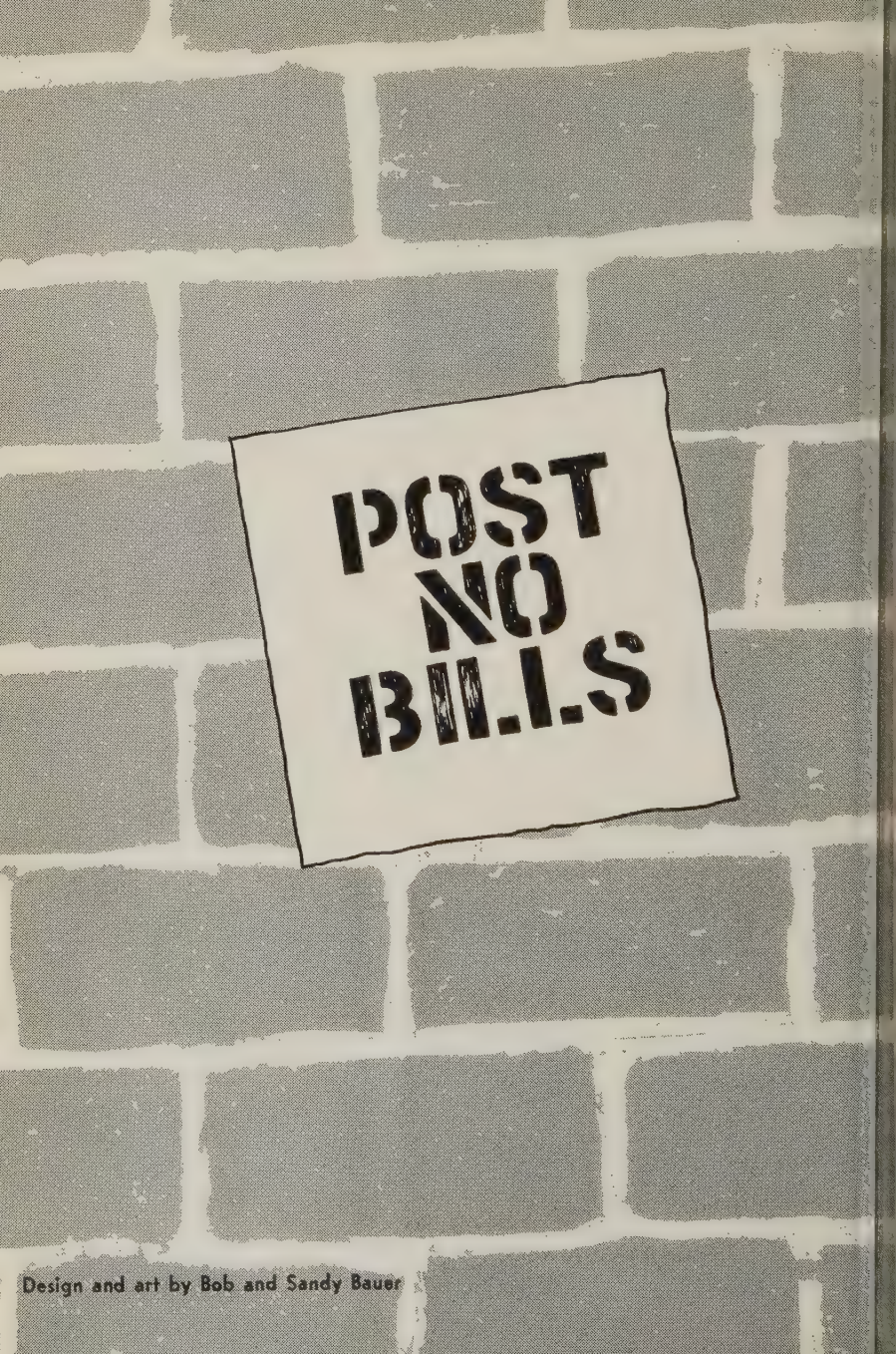
THE SCENIC ROUTE

by W. KIM HERON

how many miles
of dirt roads
and jet exhaust
did it take
for me to see
what i saw today?

what i saw today: myself.
what i saw today:
a short parade
of a finite number
of wandering indian chiefs
searching for their land)
of shackled black kings
searching for their thrones)
of "good" Christians who took the land
and pushed thrones into the sea
instead of searching for their souls)
and there i was
leading the group
but only looking
back to each side from the front,
missing so much of the show.

and
how many miles
dirt roads
and jet exhaust
will it take
for me to see
what i saw that i have missed
today
so much of the show).



Design and art by Bob and Sandy Bauer

CREATIVE ARTS 1971

ou don't have to be a poet to enter YOUTH's Creative Arts ontest for 1971. There's still plenty of time to finish up that lf-written story, and to get going on that sketch you started st year. Twenty-five dollars will be given to each young person hose work is reproduced in YOUTH, so everyone's a potential inner. Entries may be made in the following categories:

REATIVE WRITING/We welcome any type of creative writing you h to submit—poetry, fiction, essay, editorial, humor, satire, drama, e-to-life story. Keep a copy for yourself, as creative writing entries nnot be returned.

.T WORK/You may submit any type of art work which can be repro- ced in YOUTH Magazine. This includes paintings, sketches, mosaics, nts, gags or editorial cartoons, story illustrations, graphic designs or stract art. Due to mailing limitations the size of the art work should not larger than 12" x 15" or smaller than 4" x 5".

OTOS/Send us a black and white print of the photo you wish to sub- . Place your name and address on the back of each one so that it can returned to you. The print should not be larger than 12" x 15" or ller than 4" x 5".

ULPTURE/If you've done a piece of sculpture, mobile, paper folding wood carving you'd like to submit, send us one photo or a group of tos which best presents all the dimensions of your work.

E ARE THE RULES AND GUIDELINES:

. You must be younger than 20 years old.

. Your entry must be your original work. It may be something done as a school nment, for your own enjoyment, or especially for this contest, but it must be RS.

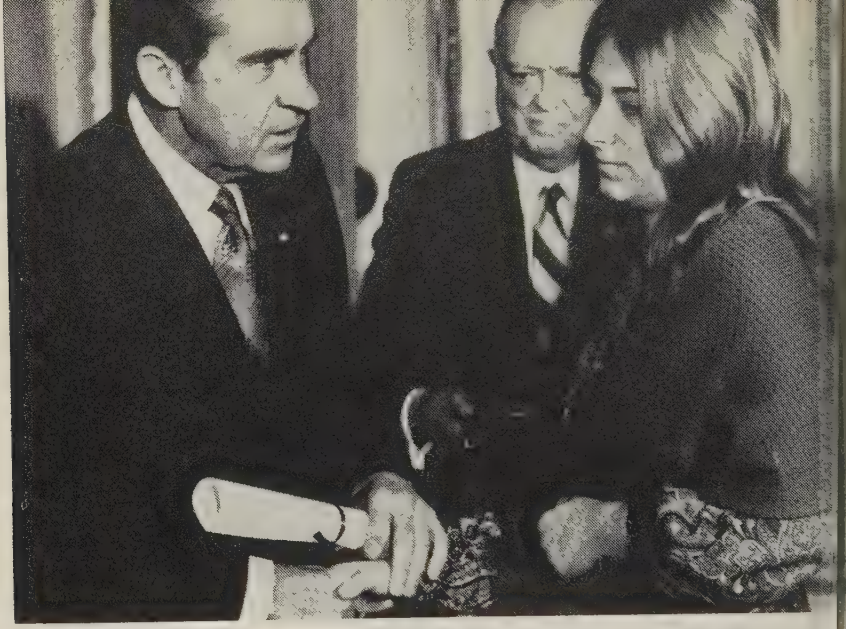
. You may submit a total of five entries.

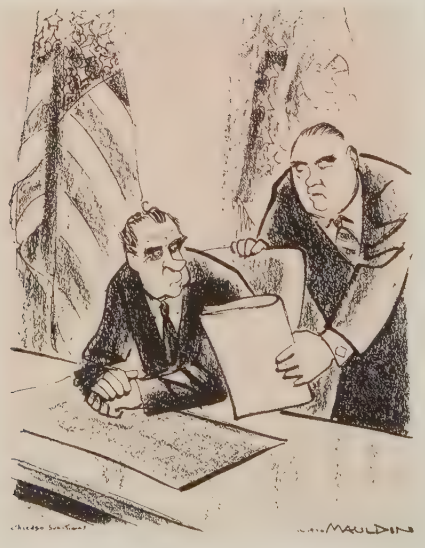
. Each entry must be identified with the title of the work, your name, your age your home address.

. Creative writing entries will not be returned, so please make sure you have a for yourself.

. All contributions must be mailed by no later than May 1, 1971.

. Mail your entries to CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS, YOUTH Magazine, Room 1203, Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. When the judging is completed, all entries than Creative Writing will be returned.





Mauldin/Chicago Sun-Times

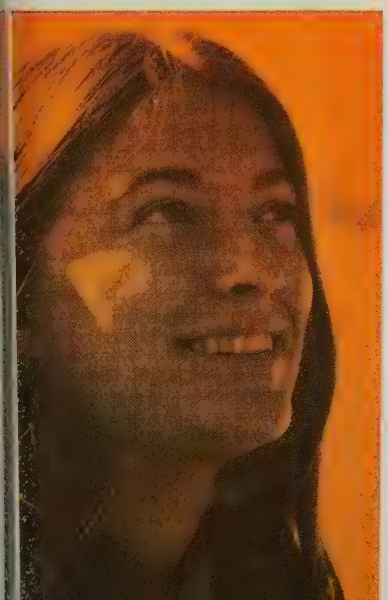
"Here's a dossier on that smart-aleck schoolgirl who doubted your sincerity last week."

I don't think I was disrespectful to the President—I just wanted to talk to him as a person and be very open."

For most of us, the thought of going straight to the top with a complaint is merely an idle fantasy. But with a few well-chosen, softly-spoken words, a young girl from Madison, Wisc., recently opened a chink in the armor of isolation which surrounds the President of the U.S. Just the fact that a teenager would have the nerve to contradict the President to his face has captured the imagination of people of all ages all over the country. To find out why she did what she did, YOUTH talked with Debbie Sweet.

The whole thing started back in 1968 when she was a senior in high school. At that time Debbie organized a 30-mile Walk for Development, part of a "hike for the hungry." Over $25,000 was raised for anti-hunger projects among Indians in the U.S. and in Nicaragua. About the same time, Debbie also did a study of white racism in Milwaukee. The principal of her high school in Madison nominated her for an award. She received a citation from the governor. Then last July the Justice Department told Debbie that she had won the Young American Service Medal.

"I was very surprised," she said, "because after two years I'd forgotten all about it. And then, too, I wasn't sure I could go through with it



Debra Jean Sweet, 19, won the Young American Medal for her work raising money for anti-hunger projects. After President Nixon presented the award, she told him quietly, "Mr. President, I find it very hard to believe in your sincerity in giving an award for service until you get us out of the war." The President replied, "We're doing the best we can."

honestly. It seemed stupid to accept an award for service when there
so many people doing things for others. The whole idea was for the gove
ment to give an award for humanitarianism, and yet I think much of w
our government is doing right now is dehumanizing, like, for instance,
war. I consider the war to be unjustified and immoral. So to give
award for humanitarian work seemed very contradictory to me."

Why, then, did Debbie finally decide to accept the award? Fi
she felt it was important to her parents, as well as to the others who h
worked on the Walk for Development. But beyond that, she knew it mi
be her only chance to speak with the President.

"If I had refused the award," Debbie said, "no one would
know that I had these feelings or why. I didn't plan what to say in
vance, but I did want to say something that he could understand."

"Exactly what did you say?" we asked.

Debbie smiled. "Well, I said to him, 'Mr. President, I find it ha
to believe in your sincerity until you end the war.' At the beginning of
presentation he gave a speech, and it was very much what I expected
would say. He talked about how these are outstanding young people and
admire their fine service to America. They're doing it very selflessly a
all too often we hear too much about the small minority of people who
causing trouble, criticizing the government, and asking questions.

"I felt that was ridiculous, because I see that the real leaders
America—youth and older people—are asking those questions and be
quite critical of the government right now. So I just had to speak up,
cause I think the President is totally isolated. He doesn't get exposed
many different opinions other than those of people around him. Th
were a lot of reasons why I had to do it. I think I wanted to be abl
respect myself afterwards."

"How did the President react?" we wanted to know.

"I think he was a little shocked," Debbie admitted. "His m
quirked a little bit, but he regained his outward composure quite qui
and said 'well, we're doing the best we can, we're glad you came and
appreciate the fine work you're doing.'"

Letters have come to Debbie from all over the country. Many
supportive, but many claim she was disrespectful.

"I'd like to respect a man for the person he is and for the th
he does," says Debbie, "and right now, on that account, I cannot res
Mr. Nixon. If everyone says you are to respect him just because he h
the office of President, then, yes, in that sense, I was disrespectful—
for good reasons. Yet I personally feel I was not disrespectful, becau
wanted to talk to him as a person and be honest and very open. In

ıse, I was respecting him as a human being. And, in that sense, I guess has a lot of restrictions on what he can say and he responded to me in very program-like manner. So he really couldn't be open and respond to e as one human being to another. I just became one of 'those people.' "

Debbie said she went through a lot of anxiety about how her parents uld react to her outspokenness. Her mother had previously shared some her agony. And her father at first felt very shocked and angry, because u just couldn't do that to the President, and when he realized that you uld, "he came to be very excited about what I had done," Debbie said. Ie doesn't agree with the President on the war at all."

Immediately after the White House ceremony, Debbie's fellow work- at the Walther League sent her a telegram: "Super staffer," it read. ixon's wart. Sister in the resistance. You're beautiful, we love you." ny youth wrote to express the wish that they had been there. One short er read: "Thank you for acting out the fantasy of the uninvited."

"One thing I noticed in all the letters people have written me," bbie said, "is this very great feeling of powerlessness. Whether they're ainst the war or not, they really feel that they have very little to do with at happens. I think the people elected President Nixon with the feeling t he would get us out of the war, and, of course, he hasn't—at least not . So there is a real frustration there."

As a staffer for the Walther League's youth-led, issue-oriented minis- Debbie is assigned to work with young Lutherans in Ohio, Indiana. ntucky and Michigan. She has already had a year of study at Valparaiso versity. In her present work she tries to educate people to the causes consequences of hunger in the U.S. and abroad and to help them find

bie got a warm welcome from her fellow workers when she returned home.





Debbie joins other youth staffers at a Walther League gathering in South Dakota.

a Christian response to those realities. The Walther League is also c
cerned with educational reform in high schools, draft counseling, a
supporting the efforts of farm workers to organize.

Debbie considers hunger to be "a catchword for the struggle
tween people who eat and the ones who don't." She feels that our coun
is economically holding back many non-white, underdeveloped nations
order to raise our own profits. "I see such moves as really just anot
way of waging war on a country. We may not be militarily aggres
but we're economically aggressive. We have such a heritage of w
supremacy and the black people, Indians, Chicanos, Eskimos, and Pue
Ricans are reacting very much against it. But what was once simpl
color struggle —both at home and abroad -is fast becoming a struggle
tween the rich and the poor.

"One of the greatest things I see happening with high school ki
happening in Madison. They have a community class on hunger v
parents and kids. It's called the Young World Development. And the
learning—really studying—domestic poverty and also the exploitation
pening to the rest of the world. And now they've got a course going wi
the school system. I find this very exciting."

"I find a lot of frustration, apathy, and lack of information am
high school youth today," observed Debbie. "I attribute this to the
we've been taught to accept the answers and to not ask questions—t

ry passively educated instead of to actively learn. At home we can turn TV and there's the world. Our parents in their youth had to work outde to find the world and it was very limited. We're just getting exposed many more things. And we're getting used to having things programmed to our minds that way."

How do you survive without withdrawing?

"Well, I've learned there are certain things I have to do to maintain y self-respect and that's being active—trying to change things and to aintain the sanity in others. And to develop some creative things I can on my own, such as sewing and things like that. It gives me relief in one y and more energy in another. Because of the many more possibilities d pressures today, it's harder to be an individual now."

What's it mean to be an individual?

"Every person has a right to determine his own role and to choose ' answered Debbie. "We not only need women's lib but also male liberan. When people are no longer judged by those they marry, or the job y have, or the sex they are, but instead are defined by the individual y are, then that will really be revolutionary. That will be good. And change is coming."

Many have asked Debbie why she works with the church.

"I was raised in the church," she replied, "and I still have a lot of s there, but right now I see it as a school and a place to meet people. I ess I see the church as an organizing tactic. But the institutional church, hink, is dying."

"Do you believe God is dead?"

"No, we have to separate the institution from the essence of Chrisnity."

"Are you saying that we in the church are not living up to Christ's pectations of us?" we asked.

"Yes, but I think the underground church movement and a lot of ngs like that are signs of life. I feel that if social change is going to pen, Christians, or people of any really strong religious feeling, are the s you might expect to act. If someone is hungry, I'm responsible for n personally. . . ."

"What has helped to shape your life the most?" we asked.

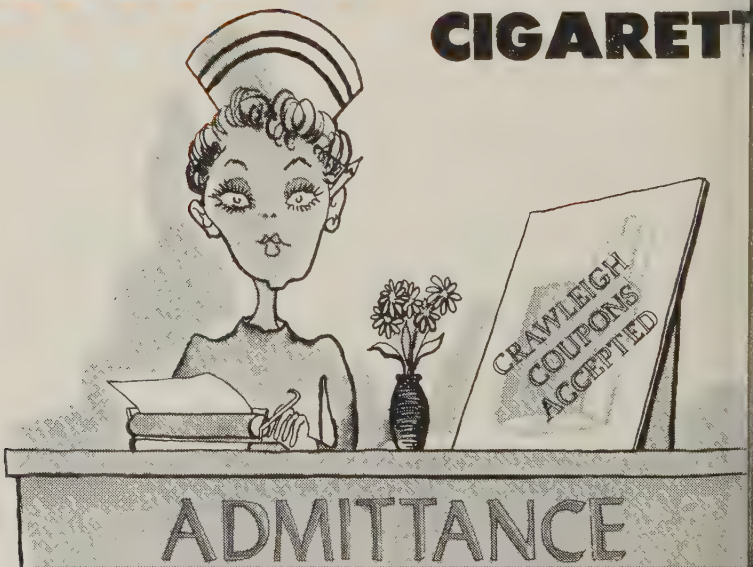
"I've thought about that a lot. Why do people turn out so differly? When I was younger, my parents gave me fairly strict guidelines t disciplined me very lovingly. And I began to understand that they 'en't my enemies. And after they felt I had a framework to make decis, I was allowed to make my own decisions. They have always given this freedom of choice and supported me."

Debbie isn't sure what she wants to do in the future. However, as puts it, "I don't know *what* I want to be, but I know *how* I want to be."

I like to thank you for acting out the fantasy of the uninvited."



R.I.P. :TV and th
CIGARETT



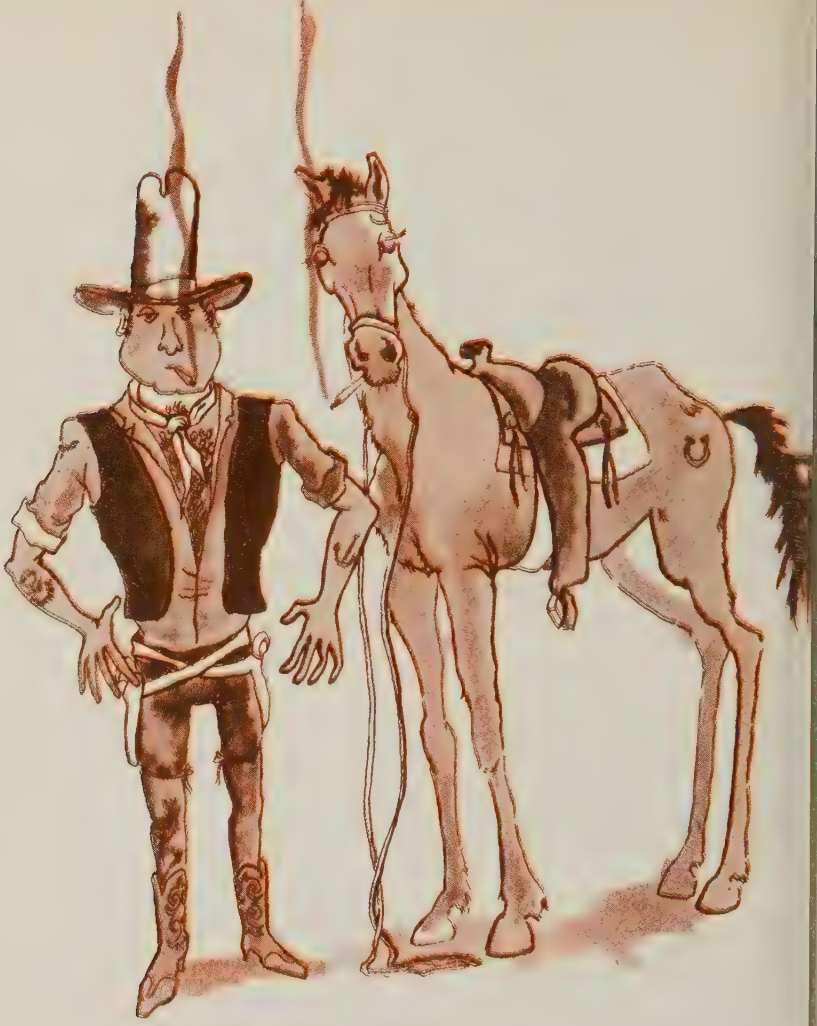


DEMENT'S GOT IT ALL TOGETHER!

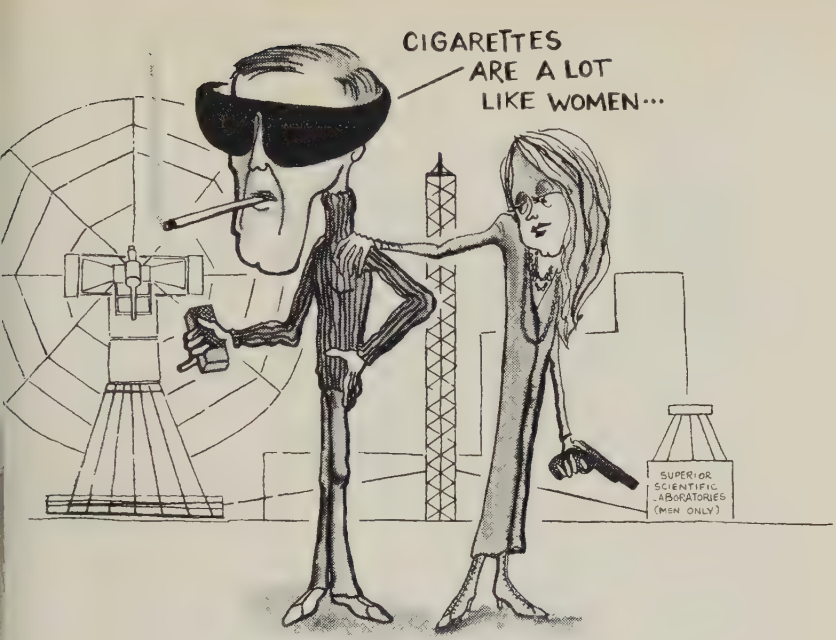
)MMERCIAL

by V. M. Banfield

It has been seven years since the release of the Surgeon-General's
ort concerning the effects of cigarette smoking on health. In that time,
tobacco industry has waged a remarkable battle to keep its product
ng. Where lesser men might have retreated, these giants strode
h, bellowing indignation. In the face of federal intervention and public
m, increasingly hard-sell advertising campaigns have been launched.
vertising agencies seem willing to sell us cancer itself—for a price.
d tobacco tycoons have the price.



Their tactics range from completely ignoring medical claims to capitali
on their so-called "clean up jobs." Advertisers of our fathers'
let the populace know that Real Men smoked Rugged Cigare
unfiltered and unfettered. Today, no corner of the market is
unexploited. Manliness is marketed to fit your taste—or lack of i
you like the sun-tanned, bow-legged image, you can get the ef
of a tattoo for the price of a pack of Marlboro . . . if your girl bu



into you at the supermarket and can't remember your name, revenge wrap-around shades and a pack of Silva Thins . . . if you're a woman d still earning less than your male classmates, liberation is as close your Virginia Slims. For those *who know who they are*, there's a little ar. It would be funny if it weren't so tragic.





To deter any unhealthy implications, there are "fresh-air cu
tobaccos; handsome, healthy, prosperous people running skilled h
over the drying leaves; forever the youthful lovers lying among flo
their cigarettes at the fore. Even a grown red riding hood trom
through the forest with a basket of goodies—and not so goodie
her Grannie. Poor Gra

Many manufacturers, deeply jarred that the report had been released, have run to the laboratory spewing money in their wake in an effort to protect the God-given right of every one of us to smoke. And have they produced? Their product is clenched in the lips of a nation: the super sonic new multi screw-tipped geometrically shaped filter long-longs developed for those of us intelligent enough to accept a touch of reality!) And if the *taste* of reality is too much, there's added menthol.

First prize for sadism in advertising must go to Doral's dancing cigarette pack. It is matched in Cuteness by Winston which, after raising a "like a cigarette should" generation, finally came face to face with the threat to public health by waging a shouting war about grammar. And what a boon to the collectors among us to have coupons sprouting right next to the caution notices on Raleigh packs.



Some entrepreneurs have also managed to make a financial success o
roll-your-own cigarettes, mainly because of the skyrocketing prices o
the pre-packaged brands. (It's interesting to note that these do-it-yourse
kits have thus far managed to avoid carrying the caution warnin
required of other packaging

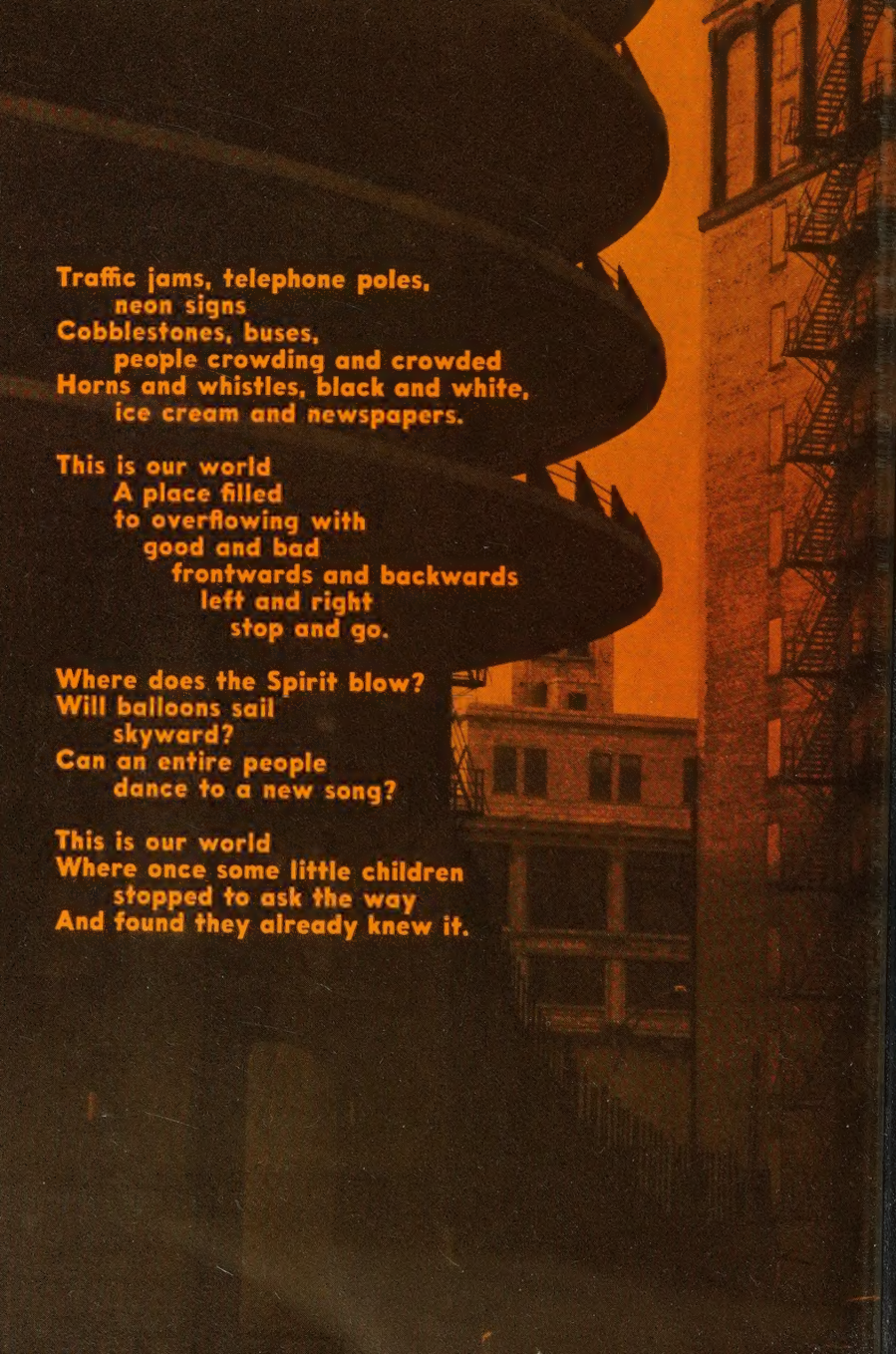
One always hopes that a sense of responsibility will outweigh th
almighty dollar, but economic values often have little relationship t
human values. In a free society this type of manipulation continu
until we refuse to accept it. As of January 1, 1971, by Federal rulin
cigarette advertising was taken off the air. However, ads will continue t
be carried by any newspaper or magazine which chooses to do s





HEALTH, THE ONLY CIGARETTE CREATED FROM ARTIFICIALLY DEVELOPED TOBACCO SUBSTITUTES AND FORTIFIED WITH VITAMIN A, C, AND B_2.
PURE TARS AND NICOTINE FRESH-FILTERED THRU THE FINEST PLASTIC LEAVES *TO BRING YOU MORE OF WHAT YOU'RE SMOKING FOR!*

is with breathless expectation that we await the next assaults on our elligence from an industry too profitable to die. Today there are 3 different cigarette packages produced in the United States. How ny will there be 10 years from now? Two hundred? A thousand? perfectly possible. *As long as we keep buying.*



Traffic jams, telephone poles,
neon signs
Cobblestones, buses,
people crowding and crowded
Horns and whistles, black and white,
ice cream and newspapers.

This is our world
A place filled
to overflowing with
good and bad
frontwards and backwards
left and right
stop and go.

Where does the Spirit blow?
Will balloons sail
skyward?
Can an entire people
dance to a new song?

This is our world
Where once some little children
stopped to ask the way
And found they already knew it.